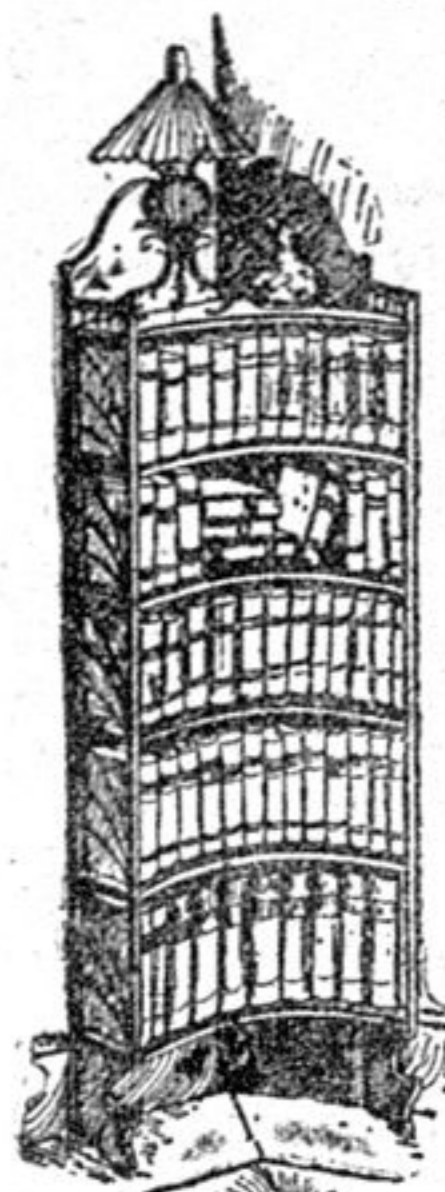


THE HOME.

A Corner Bookcase.

Corners are as convenient as they are essential, and the more we can tuck away into them the better—always providing we tuck away good things in a goodly fashion. Books are surely good things, and fortunate is that home that overflows with them. But it is often a problem where to stow



them all if one is not the proud possessor of a big library. The revolving bookcases that are so roomy and fortunately demand a good deal of space for themselves, and so are unpopular in small rooms where every "foot of land" is precious. The most space economizing bookcases fit snugly into the corners, and perhaps the one in the accompanying illustration might take precedence for economy of room, as its concave lines of shelves allow the most possible room for other furniture about it. It may be made as plain or as ornate as one wishes—the one in the sketch being very simple and easy to construct. It has a shelf at the top for a lamp and pitcher, or vase of flowers. The in-curving rows of books have a very pretty effect, that does away with much of the stiffness and starchiness of unbroken rows of books that are made to "toe the mark." The idea was suggested by the necessity—that mother of such a large family of inventions—of using an old-fashioned rectangular "what not" as a bookcase. It was placed "cornering," and the books arranged much like those in the illustration, with a very satisfactory result. Anybody with a talent for saws and planes can easily make a pretty and artistic home for his books.

Hints For Hanging Pictures.

There are certain rules regarding the hanging of pictures that one can safely follow. Give dark and gloomy subjects the lightest place and the light, bright ones may hang in some gloomy corner. Give the lowest position to that picture which having the most details or figures, appears to a better advantage if in a direct line of vision. Study the effect of the light upon a picture before you hang it. In the case of photographs let the frames be only light or enameled woods or gold leaf. A new fashion in the case of a very large picture is to hang it by two wires straight up from the sides of the picture, each fastened on a separate hook. The fashionable medallion picture and water colors framed in brocade have a wire drawn tightly across the back at the center which is caught on a small screw in the wall so that no wire is shown in the hanging.

Seasonable Recipes.

Baked Apple Dumplings.—Make a good biscuit dough. Peel tart apples and take out the core with an apple corer. Roll out small pieces of the dough, place an apple on each one and fill the center with sugar and nutmeg. Press the dough around each apple, put them in a bake pan, pour a little boiling water over them and bake in a moderate oven until done. Serve with sweetened cream flavored with lemon or vanilla, or with any kind of sweet sauce preferred.

Peach Dumplings.—Peel the peaches, cut in halves and take out the seeds. Prepare the dough just as you would for biscuits. Roll it out thin and cut in pieces just large enough for a peach. Place the fruit on, press the edges of the dough together around it and drop them into boiling water. Let them boil until the fruit is done, which will be in about 15 minutes. Take them up, put in a buttered pan, and brown in the oven a few minutes. For sauce, take a pint of sweet cream and whip it until light. Add one-half a cupful of sugar and a teaspoonful of essence of lemon.

Plum Pie.—Line a pie pan with rich paste. Sprinkle three heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar over the bottom, and one tablespoonful of flour. Remove the stones from ripe plums, put in one pint of plums for one pie, and sprinkle two tablespoonfuls of sugar over them. Put in one tablespoonful of water, cover with the top crust and bake.

Elderberry Pie.—Allow one pint of black elderberries, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one fourth of a cupful of sugar, and one tablespoonful of flour to each pie. Bake with two crusts.

Pie Melon Pie.—Cut a pie melon in small pieces removing the seeds and thin rind. Stew until they will mash like apples. Flavor with lemon juice and nutmeg, and add sugar to taste. Bake with two crusts.

Green Tomato Pie.—Peel and slice the green tomatoes. Line the pie pan with paste and fill it with the tomatoes. Add one tablespoonful of vinegar, one teaspoonful of flour, and half a cupful of sugar to each pie. Flavor with nutmeg and put small bits of butter over the top. Put on the top crust, and bake.

Sweet Potato Pie.—Boil the potatoes until tender, then peel and slice them. Line a pie pan with rich paste. Put in a layer of potatoes, sprinkle with sugar and small pieces of butter, then another layer of potatoes, with sugar, butter and a little nutmeg or cinnamon. Use two tablespoonfuls of butter and two tablespoonfuls of sugar to each pie. Pour in enough sweet milk to fill the spaces between the potatoes. Cover with paste and bake.

Squash Pie.—Peel the squash and cut it in small pieces. Cook until done, using very little water. Mash it fine and

to two cupfuls of squash, add one cupful of sweet milk, one cupful of sugar, the yolks of four eggs, well beaten, a pinch of salt, ½ teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, and ½ teaspoonful of ginger. Mix all the ingredients thoroughly, line a pan with paste and fill it. Bake until done. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add ½ cupful of sugar, spread it over the pies and leave them in the oven until the meringue is a rich brown.

Apple Fritters.—Make a batter as for pan cakes, using 3 cups of flour, 5 beaten eggs, 1 quart of sweet milk, 1 teaspoonful of salt, and 2 heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat the batter very hard, then add three large apples, pared and sliced, one tablespoonful of sugar, and one teaspoonful of cinnamon. Select apples that are easily cooked, or if they cannot be obtained, cover with water and cook until half done, then drain off every drop of the liquor, and when cold, stir into the batter. Fry at once in large spoonfuls.

Apple Custard Pie.—To 3 cupfuls of stewed apples, add ½ cupful of sugar, and let them stand until cold. Mix the beaten yolks of six eggs with the apples and season with nutmeg or cinnamon, stir in 1 quart of sweet milk, and lastly the beaten whites of 6 eggs. Fill your crusts and bake without cover in a moderate oven.

THE POTATO CROP.

The Indications Point to a Short Crop This Year All Over the World.

In this country potatoes are rising in rank as an agricultural product. A few years ago it was only in certain sections, especially adapted to potato-growing, that farmers spared the land to raise any considerable surplus upon. On the ordinary farm five acres was deemed an unduly large plantation. In the interior the greater part of the excess over producers' wants was distributed at home, in our towns and cities. The exports were maintained by the Maritime Provinces, the vastly greater portion of them by Prince Edward Island. This has been pretty much the case up to the present, but that is owing to restrictions in the way of trade rather than to the relative value of potatoes, which has been going up in recent years. If Ontario farmers during the last three years have not grown more for export than they used to raise, it is because the duty shut them out from the most convenient market. If admission to the United States had been easy, more would have been grown to send there. Formerly potato-patches on the average Ontario farm were small for the reason that the land could be more profitably employed raising

WHEAT AND BARLEY.

But since wheat has suffered such a dumbfounding decline, and while barley has been without a market, the return from these two grains does not put to shame the return from potatoes. If the United States tariff had not cooped up the supply in this province the crop here would undoubtedly have expanded in correspondence with the increase in its comparative market value. The change in duty now makes it possible to export potatoes to the States, the rate being reduced from 25c. to 15c. per bushel of 60 lbs. A shortage in the crop produced this year on the other side of the border tends to create a vacuum and a rise in price there. This is a second condition that should turn spare potatoes from this country to the United States. But here we are to have a smaller crop than last year, if the estimates of our agricultural contemporary, Farm, Ranch, and Orchard, are near the mark. That paper places the aggregate crop of Canada this year at 44,854,000 bushels, as against a yield last year of 52,407,000 bushels. Our average yield per acre is estimated at 94 bushels, as against 112 bushels last year. According to the same authority crops all over Europe are to be

SHORTER THIS YEAR.

than they were last. This would seem to point to higher prices all around. Just now car loads command about 50 c. a bag here, but if production has fallen off so much as it is supposed to have done, that price must be materially improved on before shipping weather is past. When potatoes are high on this side of the ocean, there is usually a rush of supplies from Scotland, Ireland or Continental countries, but shortage there must keep such shipments within limits. However, ocean freights are now very low. It looks, at all events, as if all the potatoes raised in Canada this year would be saleable at prices remunerative to the growers. Ontario growers will not find themselves cramped for a market as in past years. Then they had to sell at home nearly all they raised, and their home markets were made smaller by the fact that nearly every non-agricultural householders outside of the cities had his own little plot under potatoes. Now the price is likely to be a fairly good one, until navigation closes water-freights will be low, and the duty at the United States frontier is 10 c. a bushel less than it was last year. Unless the outlook is deceptive, potatoes should make so good a return this year as to induce our farmers to plant a larger acreage next year.

Pneumatic Skates.

Pneumatic skates now. The old roller skate has been replaced now by a pneumatic one, which enables the wearer to travel over a rough street pavement at twelve miles an hour. What the effect of this innovation will be is hard to describe. The estimated cost of these skates is at present about \$20 for the skates and two dollars for the sticking plaster and salve. The owner of the first pair manufactured is a lady in a town in Scotland, who goes about on them doing her shopping, etc. It is reported that she is followed by all the inhabitants of the place. In Glasgow they have become a craze, and beginners may be forcibly encountered at short notice by any pedestrian who does not happen to be practised in the art of dodging.

FALL FUN.

She—"It takes two to make a bargain, you know." He—"Yes; but only one gets it."

Blackston—"I don't see why you wear your hair so short." Graymare—"No—you don't know my wife."

"What do you want to be, Freddie, when you are a man?" Freddie—"I think 't would be awful nice to be an orphan."

Inquirer—"Does a fish diet strengthen the brain?" "Perhaps not; but going fishing seems to invigorate the imagination."

He—"And am I really and truly the only man you ever loved?" She—"Well—I never had it seem so easy before."

Lord Duffer—"You're a girl after my heart." Miss Price—"And you're a man after my money." (Engagement not announced.)

Figg—"Did I understand you to say that Impecume was meeting his bills now-days?" Fogg—"Yep; on every corner."

Little Miss Mugg—"Dr. De Fashion is often at our house, but I never see him at yours." Little Miss Freckles—"We don't owe him anything."

Pastor—"You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Even animals know when to stop drinking." Tooper—"So do I when I drink what they do."

When a retired railroad magnate started in the gents' furnishing goods business it seemed second nature to him to announce a great run on ties.

"Whither, dear friend?" "To Africa." "Are you crazy? One hundred and thirty degrees in the shade!" "But I need not go in the shade."

She—"How fearful it must be for a great singer to know she has lost her voice." He—"It's much more torturing when she doesn't know it."

Oh, nature's getting giddy now, As sure as you are born; With rounce upon the autumn leaves And tassels on the corn.

"Hullo!" said the chestnut to the robin, "What are you?" "I'm a little bird," said the robin. "What are you?" "I'm a little burred, too," said the chestnut.

Figg—"What a peculiar man Dunder is. He has a sovereign contempt for anybody who doesn't know as much as he does." Fogg—"I should think he would."

"My task in life," said the pastor, complacently, "consists in saving young men." "Ah!" replied the maiden, with a soulful longing, "save a good one for me, won't you?"

"I tell you," said Mabel's father, "Charles Slogo has a level head." "Very likely," replied Mabel, sweetly. "Probably that's what makes his conversation so flat."

Author—"Why do you persist in abusing my book? I have been told by many people that it is an exceedingly rare work." Critic—"Exactly. So rare that it needed roasting."

An Irishman asked a Scotchman one day why a railroad engine was always called "she." Sandy replied; "Perhaps it's on account of the horrible noise it makes when it tries to whistle."

So you let the prisoner off on his word for a couple of days, did you?" asked the captain. "I did answer the lieutenant. "And do you think he will come back on it or go back on it?"

Just make your best endeavor— Have faith instead of doubt; If times were good forever, What could you grow about?

Cor—"Miss Newrich has a new maid that is a great deal better than her old one." "Did she tell you?" "No, but the last note I had from her was spelled, every word of it, correctly."

"When a man's wife tells a funny story I'd like to know how he's going to know when she's got to the point." "Easy enough. The point's the part she tells half an hour after she's finished the story."

Guest—"Waiter, bring me a steak and some mushrooms." Waiter—"Yes, sah; you'll have to wait a few minutes for de mushrooms, sah, dey are being used on a steak for another customer jes' now, sah."

Collector—"I'm tired bringing you this bill. The last time I got wet and caught the rheumatism." Editor—"What a coincidence! Just taken the agency for Jones liniment. Sure cure! Let me sell you a bottle."

Figg—"What would be your opinion of a man who borrowed a V of you one day and cut you dead next time he met you?" Fogg—"It would not be necessary to give an opinion when he had settled the matter thus conclusively."

"Everything that is done in this house is always blamed onto me," sniffed the small boy, "an' I'm jist gittin' tired of it. I'll run away, that's what I'll do. Doggone if I mean to be the Li Hung Chang of this family any longer."

The old Count Spolverini has had his callous heart set all aglow by the fiery glances of a bewitching young lady, and he proposes to her in the following terms: "Signorina, will you do me the honor of becoming my widow?"

"What's the judge going to do now?" asked the green juror, in a whisper. "He's going to charge the jury," said the foreman. "Charge the jury? Charge us? What for? We don't have to pap nothin' for the privilege of sittin' on jury, do we?"

Bartender—"I wouldn't drink any more if I were you, Mr. Jagway. You've had too much already. You see two of me, don't you?" Mr. Jagway—"Not by th-thunder-in' shight! I shee 'xactly one of you, shir. You're jesh half a man."

How They Go.

Cigar Dealer (disconsolately)—"I've lost another steady customer for my imported cigars."

Friend—"Who?"

"Wilkins."

"Dead?"

"No; gone off on a wedding tour."

"He'll come back."

"Yes, and then he'll begin smoking 'twofers."

Needed Room.

Young Lady—"Is there a place here where I can turn my carriage around?" Villager—"Yes, miss. Right out at the end of this street is the circus lot."

DON'T SMELL WELL.

A Scientist Says that Man is Losing the Use of His Nose.

We are a discontented race, always grumbling at the limitations of our knowledge, and not satisfied with the senses we admittedly possess. We are on the lookout for various new or nascent avenues to the mind from the outer world. And all the time we are quietly letting drop through disuse one of the few senses we actually have. The most prominent features in our face does not avail to remind us sufficiently of the "neglected sense" which appears to be steadily retiring into nullity. In the Nineteenth Century Mr. Edward Dillion calls attention to this singular fact. "In man," he says, "the nerves and brain centres that subserv the sense of smell are poorly developed, in some degree vestigial structures. It would not be too strong a statement to make that in civilized man, and especially in the Englishman of the present day, the sense remains merely as the vestige of a vestige."

THE ART OF PERFUMES.

It is intensely keen in several of the lower animals. The Japanese, as shown in their beautiful game of diverse fragrant woods, appear to have developed the sense to a higher point than Western nations have any conception of. Yet "the olfactory sensations seem to have an unusually direct path to the inner working of the nervous system." A great part of the pleasure and pain of taste—the aroma of wine, the flavor of spices—ought to be credited to the sense of smell. The story is told of a Breton peasant "who invented an 'art of perfumes' while musing over the scents of the flowers of his native fields. He claimed to have discovered the harmonious relation existing between odors. He came to Paris with a perfume box of many compartments, to give a 'concert of perfumes,' passed, however, for a madman, and returning to his native home died in obscurity. Again, more than one ingenious person has constructed a scale of perfumes, finding parallels between different scents and the notes of an octave."

THE NOSE AS AN INSTRUMENT OF ENJOYMENT.

There are, indeed, points of resemblance between the terminations of the olfactory nerve and of the nerve of hearing. "No sense has a stronger power of suggestion than smell," and Mr. Dillion hints that the color school of poets might find connections between sounds and scents. He evidently thinks we don't get half the good we might out of our noses. We pay little heed to the pleasures to be derived from smell, and are careful only to avoid the pains of unpleasant odor. We use our noses not indeed so much as instruments of enjoyment, but rather as a sort of nuisance inspector.

HOW TO USE CANNED FRUIT.

Many People Are Ignorant of the Proper Precautions to be Taken.

Every now and again the report is made of alleged poisoning from partaking of canned goods. Twice within a short time reports have come from Montreal telling of poisoning from eating canned tomatoes. These reports of poisoning from canned goods are most likely to be due to the careless use of the food. A short time ago the reported poisoning of a family at Montreal from eating canned tomatoes, was traced to a brass spoon which had been left standing in the tomatoes over night. The tomatoes were eaten the first day without injury, but those who partook of the same food the following day were poisoned, thus showing that the contents of the can were wholesome when first opened. Investigation showed that a brass spoon had been left standing in the tomatoes over night, and the chemical action of the acid upon the spoon was undoubtedly the cause of the poisoning. It is surprising, after all that has been written about the use of canned goods, how many people are ignorant of the proper precautions to be taken in the use of such commodities. The public are continually being warned against allowing the contents to remain in the cans after opening, but a great many people will still use part of the contents of a can, and set the can away for future use. Canned goods should be emptied as soon as opened into a glass or porcelain vessel. Canned goods are kept fresh by being perfectly air tight. As soon as the can is opened and the contents are exposed to the air, fermentation begins, and this acts upon the tin of the cans, after which the contents are not safe for food. If the cans were emptied at once into a glass or porcelain vessel, this danger would be avoided, and much less would be heard about poisoning from canned goods. Packers should print these precautions upon every can, so that persons who use the goods would have the directions constantly before them.

Don't Snub.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the great inventor, first entered Boston, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter.

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because of physical disability. Milton was blind.

Don't snub a boy because of dullness in his lessons. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books.

Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the great orator of Greece, overcame a harsh, stammering voice.

Don't snub anyone; not alone because some day they may outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind, nor right, nor Christian.—Christian Advocate.

Health Department

Cold in the Head.

What is commonly called "a cold in the head" is the inflammation of the mucous membrane lining the cavity of the nose, and is characterized by a mucous secretion, generally of short duration, but which in some circumstances may last indefinitely. The principal cause of the latter condition is the existence of ulceration covered with scabs, the secretion of which undergoes decomposition and gives rise to the characteristic odour. The difficult point in the treatment of all cases of this sort is to free the nose completely by means of nasal irrigation of the matter covering the damaged mucous membrane, and this the patient is usually unable to do; for this reason this condition often requires treatment for which the patient is obliged to have recourse to specialists. But according to M. Muehold, of Berlin, this complex treatment may be noticeably simplified by means of applications of glycerine, which on account of the hygroscopic properties of this substance, rapidly softens the crusts in the nose and render their removal very easy. In order that the patient may be in a position to make these applications personally, M. Muehold prescribes glycerine and borax diluted with water until it can be used in a small spray. The sprays should be directed into each of the nasal cavities two or three times a day. A few minutes after this little operation the crusts are sufficiently softened to be easily removed by means of a nasal irrigation. Under the influence of this treatment it is claimed that all the disagreeable symptoms of the disorder improve or disappear rapidly.

For the Invalids.

Thickened milk is one of the most nourishing foods we have, and is particularly valuable as a remedy for diarrhoea and kindred diseases. Tie a bowl full of flour in a cloth and boil for several hours (immersed in water). When the cloth is removed the flour will be a hard ball. Pare off the crust and grate the flour down as wanted. As the flour is already cooked, it only needs to boil up enough to thicken the milk when wanted.

Barley water is a favorite drink with many invalids. Wash two ounces of pearl barley and put it in half a pint of boiling water; boil about five minutes and drain the water off and pour over it two quarts of boiling water; boil away half the water then strain. Sweeten and flavor with lemon juice.

Another drink that will sustain life when nothing else can be taken is coffee, prepared as follows: Make a strong cup of coffee, put in cream and sugar (a little more sugar than for ordinary drinking) and pour over a thoroughly beaten egg, after bringing the prepared coffee to a boiling heat, so that it would cook the egg when poured over it.

Cream-of-rice Soup: Wash two tablespoonfuls of rice, let it stand in cold water for an hour, and then put in a double boiler half a pint of chicken broth, half a pint of milk, a scant salt spoon of salt and the drained rice. Cook one and one-half hours, rub through a fine sieve and replace over the fire. When it comes to the boiling point pour it on the beaten white of an egg and stir thoroughly; serve hot.

Turkish Baths.

There are three grand maxims that all who use Turkish baths should rigidly observe. First, never to return to the frigidarium until after the douche or plunge; secondly, to avoid all undue excitement and thirdly, to retain as far as possible the horizontal position. Conversation should be sparingly indulged in at every stage of the bath, even in the final one; but it is especially to be deprecated in the hot chambers, where, if carried on at all, it should be in an undertone and quite desultorily. Physical exercise of any kind is objectionable, and no disturbing influence whatever should be permitted to interrupt the calm and even tenor of the bathing process.

About the Baby.

Never pat it hard. Never trot it violently, bringing the heel down with force. Better not trot at all. Never make startling noises by way of amusing it. Never toss or jump it about. Never swing it quickly either in cradle or rocking chair. Never give it an empty feeding bottle to suck, or a rag, or any such thing. Do not unnecessarily put your finger in its mouth.

Sneezing for Hysteria.

The idea has been suggested that in certain well-known conditions of hysteria a judiciously administered pinch of snuff might have a beneficial effect. Familiar to everyone is the perverseness with which such hysterical attacks resist ordinary remedies, and it seems not improbable that some of them might be curtailed by a period of vigorous sneezing.

Don't economise in bath water. Don't economise sleep. Don't be stingy with fun. Laugh all you can. Laughing shakes up the system, makes the blood circulate, wakes up the lungs, starts the digestion, warms the feet, relaxes the nervous system—in a word, it rests you all over.

The Only Way.

Mrs. Soak (despairingly)—"Oh, why do you persist in drinking that odious whisky, Mr. Soak?" Old Soak—"Shimply, m'der, 'cause it ish' mpossible to eat it."

The most rapidly moving star known in space does not move along with one-thousandth part of speed imparted to the light which it radiates, and by which alone we become aware of its existence.

Scalping is not original in American aborigines. In Southall's "Recent Origin of Man," he quotes from Herodotus to show that the Scythian scalped their fallen enemies, and in modern times the scalping knife is used by the wild tribes of northeastern Bengal.